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Poetry.

HOW DY'E DO AND GOOD RYE.

BY MONTGOMERY IN 1823.

One day Good bye met How do you do,
Too close to shun saluting,
When quick the sister sister flew
From kissing, to disputing.
"Away," says how do you do,
"Your miss appeals my cheerful nature,
No name so close as yours is seen
In sorrow's nomenclature.
"Where'er I give one strolling hour,
Your cloud comes in to shroud it,
Where'er I plant one blossom flower,
Your shadow falls to fade it.
Good bye replied, "To your statement's true,
And well you cause you've pleaded,
But pray, who'd think of how do you do
Unless good-bye preceded.
"Without some prior influence
Could you have ever flourished;
Nor can your hand one flower dispense
But what my hands have nourished.
"Go, bid the timid roses choose,
And I'll resign my charter,
If for the timid roses choose,
One kind good-bye would better.
"How oft, when cupid's fires decline,
Aweary heart remembers,
One sigh of mine, and only mine,
Reveals the dying embers.
"Tis well the world our merit knows,
Since time, there's no denying
One half in how do you do goes,
The other, in good-bye saying."

A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

Work, work, give us work is the Prayer of the Poor,
Cold, cold sweep the winds, the autumn is drear,
The wood-pile grows small at the door,
The pantry is lean, cold water is near,
And small is the laborer's store;
The work-shop is closed and so is the mill,
The forge has put out its fire,
There's plenty of strength, there's plenty of will,
But none is willing to hire.
Cold, cold sweep the blasts o'er mountain and moor,
The workmen stand idle all day;
Work, work, give us work, is the prayer of the poor,
To drive cold and hunger away;
Billions fair hands are ready to sew,
And to stitch by the dim night-light oil,
Billions strong arms are ready to throw
Defiance at Want by their toil.

Oh, children of wealth, we ask not for alms,
Though yearly our loved ones are fed,
Give proud breathing hearts, we've toil-hardened
pains,
We'll give you our labor for bread!
When the snow-drifts grow deep, and your fires
brightly burn,
Your children all warm in the bed,
Think of our prayers a living to earn—
Our little ones crying for bread.
Oh, help men of wealth, no time to be lost!
Our little is wasting away,
Though corn may be cheap, whatever the cost,
We have nothing to pay;
Work, work and fair pay, is the prayer of the poor,
Whom hardship shall make us recoil;
The cold, biting winds sweep mountain and moor,
We'll bend the back cheerful to toil.

ON THE DEATH OF MY INFANT BOY.

Part of my being, now in Heaven—
Wild is my grief, my boy, for thee!
How has thy father's heart been given
To know that thou hast ceased to be,
And feel that he no more shall trace
His likeness in thy living face.
O God! the thought that I fear
Should be that when young lamp expired
Knew not the hour when thy star
And last thy infant life expired;
Nor when thy life in thy shroud,
Could mingle in the weeping crowd.
Alas! my little, darling one,
Thy rosy stream of life is dry,
Death could not bear to see it run,
And from the source in infancy,
Thy form is but a barren clod,
And thou art resting with thy God.

And I—O sorrow past all speech!
Must walk with lonely footsteps now;
And stern philosophy must teach
My soul resignedly to bow
Before this second stroke of fate,
Ordained my peace to mutilate.
Dear God, Oh! smile upon his face,
And let him in thy loving care;
Give him thy morning, father grace
Through life and death, to meet him there;
So living, as in hope to die,
And dead, to live immortally.

THE WIFE.

My love's like the steadfast sun,
Streams that deepen as they run;
My hair, no forty years,
Moments between sighs and tears,
Nights of thought, no days of pain,
Dress of glory I cannot claim,
My heart, no sweetest song which flows
From joy and softness, flows
To make my heart or fancy free
In moment, my sweet wife from thee.

THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING.

BY THOMAS D. L. S. SUTHERLAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE AFTERGLOW OF THE PAST.

Reading, a few weeks since, one of the Quaker

papers,—"Three Memorable Murders,"—re-

called to my mind the strange circumstances of

one of the most mysterious domestic dramas that

ever taxed the ingenuity of man, or required the

flight of time to develop.

The locality of our story lies amid one of the

most picturesque regions of the Old

Domination, where the hand, walled in the Har-

bourne, walled in the base of the Blue Ridge

The precise spot—Crossland—is a sublime and

beautiful scene, where two great, towering ranges

of mountains cross each other at oblique angles.

At the intersecting point of these rugged moun-

tains a little hamlet, named, from its elevated po-

sition, Altamont.

At the point at which our story opens the

four corners of the irregular

mountain cross, were owned as follows:

The eastern farm, called Piedmont, was the life

property of Madame Audley, a Virginia lady of

the old school.

The western and most valuable estate was the

inheritance of Honora Paul, an orphan heiress,

granddaughter and ward of Madame Audley.

The northern and smallest one, called, from

being the depository of the four—Hawes's Hill—

was the property of old Hugh Hawes, a widower

of gloomy temper, parsimonious habits, and al-

most fabulous wealth.

The southern farm—named from the extraor-

dinary cost of the "great house," a superb

building, and highly ornamented grounds, which

had absorbed the means of the late owner, "Fau-

quier's Folly"—was the heavily mortgaged prop-

erty of Geoffrey Faulquier, Duke of the

grandeur of Hugh Hawes, and had a young as-

pirant for legal honors at the University of Vir-

ginia.

But little benefit to the fair was to be hoped

from the inheritance of his father's business

property. In the first place, old Hugh Hawes had

bought up in his name all the claims against the

estate of Fauquier's Folly—doubtless to prevent a

localization, and to save the property for his grand-

son.

But, unhappily, Geoffrey had mortally offend-

ed the despotic old man by desecrating an agri-

cultural life, and persisting in the study of a pro-

fession—a course that had resulted in his own dis-

tinguishment.

To make this punishment more bitter to his

grandson, the old man had taken into favor his

stepson, Dr. Henry Hawes, whom he had estab-

lished near himself at Fauquier's Folly.

At the time, the disinterested heir, having fin-

ished a term at the University, had come down to

spend a part of his vacation in his native place.

It was upon the Saturday evening of his arrival

that he found the little hotel and, indeed, the

whole village of Altamont, in a state of excite-

ment, from the fact that the celebrated he-

ness, Miss Honora Paul, had just stopped there,

and passed through on her way home.

my homestead and read my fortune. It was this,

that, before my twentieth birthday, I should be a

bride, but never a wife, for that fatal form of the

malady—some infectious disease—had been

the fatal disease. Such were the words of the

prophecy. She spoke with a solemnity that

seemed to overshadow every other feeling.

CHAPTER II.

THE SYMBLIC CHIEF.

The next day Honora informed her grandmoth-

er, Madame Audley, of Geoffrey's presence in

the neighborhood, and the old lady sent her

only brother, Colonel Shannon, to fetch him to

Piedmont. Geoffrey, however, declined the invita-

tion. In his stead, he found that Gen. Sterne, the

Governor elect of Virginia, and his son, had just

taken up their quarters, for several days, with

Madame Audley, and the old lady in his hon-

or, immediately sent out a carriage to fetch

some of the neighbors to visit her that evening.

When tea was over, the company adjourned to

the drawing room, where, soon after, the guests

waited for the evening prayer.

First came Father O'Leary, the parish priest of

St. Andrew's Church, at Crossland.

The next arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Willough-

by, and Mr. Haine.

Immediately after them came Dr. and Mrs.

Henry Hawes, the doctor, a man of great fash-

ion and elegance, the lady, a delicate, pensive

woman, with a soft, sweet, moonlight face, beam-

ing out between her heavy lids of jet.

And, last of all, to the astonishment of every-

body, came old Hugh Hawes, who had been in-

vested as a master of courtesy, and was not in the

least degree expected to make his appearance.

He came not alone. On his arm he brought a

young girl, untried, whom, with great

courtesy, he presented to his hostess as Agnes

Darke, the daughter of a deceased friend, and his

new ward, who had arrived only that morning,

and whom, presuming upon Madame Audley's

well-known kindness, he had ventured to present

to her.

Madame Audley, a reader of fate, was cer-

tainly attracted towards her, and, after a little

talk that confirmed her first favorable impression,

she took the hand of the orphan girl and con-

ducted her to the group formed by the Mar-

quis Audley, Mr. Sterne, Mr. Haine, Mr. Du-

lanie, and Honora Paul.

Under the auspices of Miss Rose Audley, they

were just about to form what was called the Sy-

mblic Circle, for which purpose, Honora and

Sterne were dispatched to bring forward a sym-

bolic table. Miss Rose went to a cabinet to seek

"Sybil's Leaves," which she presently produced.

All then seated themselves around the table.

A small silver ring, which had been in the

ear of the old lady, and which she had worn

since her marriage, she handed to her son, Mr.

Sterne, in a low voice, she demanded—

"What would you wish the Sybil to

say?"

"I would know the future partner of my life,"

was the answer.

"Draw!"

The young man hesitated for a while, smiled,

in the New York Ledger, the great family paper,

for which the most popular writers in the country

contributed, and which can be found at all the

stores throughout the city and country, where pa-

pers are sold. Remember and ask for the New

York Ledger of January 16, and in it you will

find the continuation of the story from where it

left off last week. If you cannot get a copy from

any news office, the publisher of the Ledger will

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The Ledger is mailed, to subscribers, at \$3 a

year, or two copies for \$5. Address your letters

to Robert. Bonner, publisher, 44 Nassau Street,

New York City. The Ledger is sent to all fam-

ily papers, by a single number, and is sent to all

theaters, and is of almost worth the price of the

Ledger. To pursue the history of the lovely

heroine, Miss Paul—how she came to be a bride

on this evening, and all the strange and ab-

sorbing incidents attending her marriage, with in-

terest for all who take the trouble to get the Led-

ger.

Her smile and her heart are in it.

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"I am on third six," said Richard, breaking

from the strong grasp that held him, and throw-

ing himself at the feet of the old gentleman, who

had just come to the spot. "Though poverty, and

longer tempted me to become one. My mother

and sister are waiting."

The future history and trials of this poor boy

will be given in the New York Ledger of January

16, which is for sale at all the bookstores and

news offices.

A California Tale.

The year 1840 was one of great moment

of the world were seeking their fortunes

in the newly found El Dorado; those who had

rolled in riches, and those who had

striven with poverty, wrought side by side,

toiling hard, faring poorly, yet, contented

with their lot, inasmuch as they might be

the possessors of future untold wealth.

San Francisco was a mere collection of

huts, but within the business place in the

world; with ships unloading, others re-

ceiving, fair-ship on all sides, while the

hum of industry throughout the life that

reigned in the city—as it now is—village

as it then was.

Among the earliest of the adventurers

who were taken with the gold fever, and

"carried off" from this town, with hun-

dreds of others, was an old whaler, whom

we shall call B—, a man fond of a joke,

and one who would forgive one against

himself at any time; for the fun of the thing.

Times rolled on, and our hero having seen

"the elephant" and become satisfied with

his observation, found himself one morn-

ing, in company with two or three others,

standing on a corner of a street in the

Golden City, waiting for an opportunity to

turn up, by which he

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